

# A Dialogue between Bowman the T O R Y,

PRANCE <sup>A N D</sup> the Runagado,  
A R O M A N O.

32.



Bowman.

(Sedan?)

Come murdering Miles, where's your  
Or where's the Man you had it from?  
Which you carry'd Godfrey in,  
with Ropes about your Necks Boys?  
Nay, where is Mr. Howe's Horse,  
Which had been Sold at Pentecost,  
On which thou swore the Corps rid Post,  
above two years before Boys?

Prance.

By all the Gods that I adore,  
Mahomet, and what e're I Swore,  
I never saw since, nor before,  
that Godfrey which was Murder'd:  
For Moneys I did Swear and Lye,  
To give the PLOT a deeper Dye,  
Old Tony promis'd to stand by,  
and see our Matters order'd.

Bowman.

That Water-Witch it was his Spell,  
That Froze up Styx, the way to Hell,  
The Thames, the Seas, and every Cell,  
just to the Gates of Pluto:  
The Hellespont was Frozen o're,  
To both the Axils, Sea, and Shore,  
That the world might ne'r have motion more  
to save the Whiggs as you do.

Bowman.

Your Hambden now is Guilty found,  
'Twill cost him Forty Thousand Pound,  
Pox! Money's but an empty Sound,  
when Knaves deserves to swing Prance,  
Had Forty pound been offered there,  
To all that would come in and Swear,  
He would have slain to Ketches share,  
to teach him Tyburn-string Dance.

Prance.

Sounds the Lords out of the Tower,  
In spite of all our Perjur'd Power,  
Damn'd Oats and I are scarce secure,  
all our Intreagues do Falter:  
Our of the Tower without an Oats,  
To give Advice, or Rump of Votes,  
Zblood, we must cut our own Throats,  
to keep out of the Halter.

Prance.

Nay, that which plagues me worst of all,  
They kickt me out of Gold-Smiths-Hall,  
And swear that I disgrace them all,  
one Curst Tory Scratcht me;  
In every place where e're I go,  
Like Sheep from Wolves from me Folks run,  
Three times a day I am Drunk alone,  
for fear Old Nick should fetch me.

Bowman.

Well Prance, now look but five years back,  
How many Necks thy Tongue made Crack,  
It's time for thine to go to wrack,  
for Perjury and Treason:  
Since thou abhor'st both Cross and Mass,  
Thou may'st pull down thy Sign o'th Cross,  
And Hang thy self at the same Post,  
it is but Right and Reason.

Prance.

I'll first see Rutland, Kenge and Thee,  
Hang'd up for Tory Loyalty,  
I'd be both Hang'd and Damn'd to see,  
with Towzer in the Number,  
After I would not live to Dine,  
But down-right Drunk with Brandy Wine,  
Straight into th' Sea with Herd of Swine,  
for Circumstance I am under.